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WEALTH

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AND

MEDITATIONS.

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BY

L. S. WELCH.

NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS:
THE COMAL PUBLISHING CO.
1894.

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PREFACE.

"It is finished!" What emotions of joy or sorrow are called into being by these words, according as they issue from the lips of an author as he wipes his pen after putting the "finishing touches" to a laborious and prosy composition, or from a god dying of thirst and torture upon the hill of skulls. Such, nevertheless, is the flexibility of language.

Yes, it is finished,

"——and what is writ is writ.
Would it were worthier!——"

Byron ought not to have thrust upon me the painful necessity of putting the above in quotations, since it obviously belongs to me on the score of adaptability, becoming me as gracefully as it illy fitted him, but to my task.

I never take a new book in hand but I am overcome by a craving to know the author's ex-

cuse for inflicting it upon the unsuspecting, much-suffering, and patiently enduring public, and I straightway read the preface. Believing that there are others afflicted in like manner, and rather than have such persons suffer disappointment, I grasp the opportunity thus fortunately presented to offer an apology in my own behalf.

In the beginning, I will say that I have no excuse for committing the within contained lines, than that impudence which prompts everyone who has a desire to do something, whether he can or not, to be continually puttering at this, that and the other regardless of consequences. Some may consider this a poor excuse for a great offense, to all such I offer this remedy, which is a most soothing balm for wounded feelings: Do not think about it.

In the following poem, if such it may be called, some may think that in choice of verse I am behind the times; but I am not particular about what part of the procession I am in, it is the company that I look to. It will be understood that the company has no choice in the matter.

I chose the old heroic verse out of respect for others of less dignity, knowing that its reputation could not be sullied by unskillful hands, but I was not certain about the new fangled stanzas of

our modern schools. After all, there is not so much credit attached to the invention of measures as to putting something new into the old ones.

As to what little sentiment and few ideas may happen to be in the work I have nothing to say, but leave that task to the readers, if any should be found, who, no doubt, will be more than pleased with the opportunity thus offered to express their appreciation in language stronger than the publishers would care to print.

L. S. W.

WEALTH

THY aid, O Muse, I would invoke in song,
Unclose thy lips, let numbers flow along;
Rapt with the theme, O thou my voice inspire,
Strike with deft fingers on thy tuneful lyre!
The power of wealth, the blessings riches bring,
Recount, and praises of their virtues sing!
A theme neglected by the bards of old,
Who sang for glory when they needed gold;
But fame alone no quivering limbs can warm,
Nor feed the hungry nor resist the storm.
Can trump of fame recall thy form when laid
All cold and pulseless in the realms of shade,
Or the loud plaudits of succeeding men
Send life's warm current through thy veins again?
Can name eternal, though it shine for aye,
Give half the pleasures of one healthful day?
Rejoice, then, while existence gives you leave,
Nor wasted past, nor luckless present grieve.

Live to enjoy what haply falls to thee,
The past is gone, the future worse may be.
Whate'er you can to ease another's pain,
Do and resume your customed walks again.
Let not your gifts too much consist of air;
Go to your pocket and produce your share.
Think not that words the throbbing heart can heal,
You wound it deeper though it may not feel.
Kind words and glances, though they have a power
Wealth is the stronger in a needy hour;
When friends desert us, and when foes beguile,
A dollar's stronger than the blandest smile;
When dire disaster fills the land with grief,
Who seeks a smiler for to find relief?
Without possessions where would progress be?
Where then, O Paul, thy boasted Charity? [class
Without them your most righteous deeds must
As boastful emptiness or sounding "brass."

Wealth drives disease and famine from the door
Supports our loved ones and assists the poor.
Ten thousand mercies falling from her hand
Shed thousand thousands blessings o'er the land;
Through haunts of vice her pittying servants seek,
Upraise the fallen and assist the weak;
The dumb give utterance, and the deaf, they hear,
And groans of anguish turn to songs of cheer;
The blind, who wandered in the gloom of night,

Go forth rejoicing in the gift of sight.
Thus on and on, in an increasing flood,
Flow the grand efforts of the great and good;
Homes for the poor, the sick, and orphans rise,
And schools of learning tower toward the skies.

No other friend will stand so helpful by,
When wrongs oppress and when defenders fly;
Naught can with such peaceful powers assuage
The cares and sorrows of increasing age.
Wealth adds enjoyment to the sum of life,
And lends assistance in each earthly strife,
Stands by the bed whereon the sufferer lies,
Tries each relief and bids his spirits rise;
Nor when at last the vital spark is fled,
Deserts its post forgetful of the dead;
But led by love that blossoms round the home,
Builds a memorial o'er the silent tomb.

If wit and wisdom are perchance denied,
Wealth makes a man of what is left beside;
And in the parlor, ball-room, on the streets,
He'll be respected by whoe'er he meets.
"'Tis wrong," you say, that's neither here nor there
We have to take things as we find they are.
Our friends, our foes, as is too often shown,
They love, they hate us for the wealth we own,
But who's to blame? The rich? Why no!

'Tis mother nature who has made them so.
If men are fools 'tis none of your concern,
Strive to instruct them, you're their fool in turn.
Let customs hold all undisturbed their way,
For fools, like dogs, will always have their day.

What nature should be, it were hard to tell,
But what she is, is known to all full well,
He'd best begin, whoever thinks he can
Reform at once the natural ways of man.
Some will be tramps and others will be lords,
Just as with nature each one's life accords.
One loafs in rags the other proudly dressed
Sails past unmindful of the poor distressed.
As taught the preacher by lake Galilee,
"Poor have ye always, but not always me," *
So think the rich, and being Christians too,
Try but to follow as he bade them do.

Why should the poor, with unrelenting scorn,
Denounce the rich and curse the better born?
'Tis true they're many, but our country's great,
They'll all get something if they work and wait.
All can't be rich whatever wealth's in store,
Had each a million wealth itself were poor.
Not all the gold Sierra's realms supply
Can quiet envy or contentment buy;
It is the mind that makes the most of earth,

* MATT. XXV. 11.

'Tis king of fortune and estates of birth.

One source of evil that's to common now,
Men go to Congress when they ought to plow;
And men too lazy for to earn their food,
Seek public office for the public's good,
Preach to the rabble, who are doing well,
And discontent them till their life's a hell,
Till precious time is spent upon the street,
That aught to go to purchase bread and meat.
'Tis not with Congress that the trouble lies,
But politicians, windier than wise.
And why to Congress, pittying tales to tell?
Remain at home, raise something you can sell.
The farmer's hand must grapple from the field
Whate'er of happiness this world will yield.
In many products he will find reliefs
For all his ailments and his fancied griefs.
No glutted market can the man withstand
With diverse sources opening to his hand;
But following leaders, like a drove of sheep,
Men raise one product till it's starving cheap,
Then round the country, mouths distended wide,
They curse the rich and want a "grand divide;"
They mortgage horses, lands, and tools, and crops
Then get discouraged and go join the "Pops",
And when the pay-day comes, though e'er so late,

They want to borrow at a lower rate;
They've danced on tick, forgetful by the way,
That those who fiddle always want their pay.

All can't be first, though equal chance be given,
Only the few succeed in reaching heaven.
Why should the state, poor laborer, favor you,
And do, perhaps, what God himself won't do?
You make the state and it protects in turn,
Gives you the right to own what you can earn,
But if your neighbor gets a little more
Don't curse the government because you're poor.
Why should the nation, if you cannot rise,
Push others down until they fit your size?
If you've not sense enough to earn your salt,
To you, not Congress, must belong the fault.
Just look around you, and perhaps you'll find
A state kept poor-house for your humble kind;
There you can go, your form inactive pitch,
And be supported by the wiser rich.
Nor will ambition envy you your choice,
Or in contention raise a doleful voice;
In slothful ignorance eke your life away,
Till men regenerate shall arise and say:
"It has brought the country to a sorry pass,
To be made an alms-house for the lazy class."

If he'll reflect, the poorest must agree,

That once the richest was as poor as he;
But patient toiling of the hand and brain
Curtailed expenses and increased his gain.
He time improved which less industrious lost.
Till he grew richest who had labored most.
Seek then no more the wealthy to destroy,
Let those who labor labor's fruits enjoy.
To labor's more than exercise of brawn,
Than wielding spade, or laying brick and stone;
He who conceives the vast cathedral's plan
Does more, deserves more from his fellow-man,
Than he who digs the mine, or turns the sod,
Or drives the engine, or conveys the hod;
For thousands can such lowly arts pursue,
While brain and judgment are reserved for few.
As with a horse, so with a man no less,
We judge his value by his usefulness.
He does the most who, from an active mind,
Brings forth new comforts to rejoice his kind,
Invents some means the idle to employ,
And works himself that others may enjoy;
But he who gives the thoughtless spendthrift bread
Does him no good, but works a wrong instead.

What mighty works now dot our prosperous land,
By wealth erected, by the wealthy planned!
From sea to sea, o'er river, mount and plain
The hurrying engine draws the flying train,

Or safely guides, though raging storms may sweep,
The iron monster through the pathless deep.
'Tis wealth alone that can the power command,
To brave the ocean or subdue the land;
Far from her native home she dares explore
The unknown dangers of the distant shore,
And luxuries, to half the world denied,
She wafts o'er seas, and scatters far and wide;
She to the poor those foreign comforts brings
Which were denied in olden times to kings.

The rich man's needs, increasing day by day,
Give poor men labor and increase their pay;
His house, his horse, his chaise, his clothes his food
Count so much labor for the poor man's good.
It is but right, as all experience shows,
The poor should labor while the rich repose;
For did the rich his own pursuits perform,
To toil oppressing bare unshamed his arm,
Where would the poor, their occupation gone,
Find aught for sustenance, thus left alone?

Methinks I hear some agitator bawl:
"Were wealth divided there'd be wealth for all;
But corporations grasp each needful store,
Then with high prices they oppress the poor.
We'd make such laws as would the poor protect,
And such as corporations should respect.

We'd have the laborer higher wages paid,
And combination should be stopped in trade;
The poor we'd elevate, the rich depress,
We'd kick the magnate and the tramp caress:
Thus we'd adjust unequal states of men.
And golden times would surely come again."
But 'tis replied: Each has a right to do
With what's his own as he is minded to;
And he who would his neighbor's rights unthrone
Seeks a disaster to o'erwhelm his own.
Who strives in war his foe's strong arm to bind
Must be prepared to suffer acts in kind;
So when the crowds, who'd rather loaf than toil,
Steal from the rich and honest men despoil,
They must expect, unless were Justice dead,
Their acts redounded on each guilty head.

As some huge billow, with tremendous roar,
Swells from the sea and charges on the shore,
When lashed to foam upon the rocky beach,
With towns and cities far beyond its reach,
Back from the cliffs, its wrath displayed in vain,
Its broken waters seek the angry main.
So restless hosts, more envious than wise,
In howling mobs and fighting factions rise;
Strive to destroy that which they cannot share,
And wreck prosperity in lawless war;
Until their misdirected spleen they vent,

Their stomachs empty and their wages spent,
They then return them to their walks once more,
As poor and foolish as they were before.
Thus labor strives with thoughtless brawn to gain
Some weak advantage, but it strives in vain;
The hand that conquers wields the power of brain.

What does it mean when men by hundreds roam
Ill-clad and hungry, without friends or home?
Must we infer the wealthy are to blame?
The rich the cause of all this vagrant shame?
Why, wealth gives labor to a million poor,
Who else in want would beg from door to door!
'Tis too much mercy shown to them who dread
The fate of toiling for their daily bread,
That fills our land with ragged, hungry woe;
A thankless horde, to every art a foe.
Cursed is that land with indolence its plague,
Where men shun labor but delight to beg.
We need no laws to help the vagrant poor,
But to protect the honest laborer's store;
For, judged for justice or a nation's fate,
Improvidence is crime against the state.
Upon the state, society and all,
Both tramp and thief a dire encumbrance fall;
Take what the one has begged, upon the whole,
It 'mounts to more than all the other stole.
One asks the poor to share with him his store,

The other robs the rich of little more;
But then, his calls are, counted all, so few,
They hurt us less than all the other's do.
One robs the trains the other loads them down;
And beats his thankless way from town to town.
Far from the west they come, a shiftless train,
In shameless numbers issue on the plain;
The fright of women and the rage of dogs,
No kindred left, nor friends, except the Hogs.
And to defend the graceless, vagrant breed
Does far more harm than money's grasping greed,
Creates a hot-bed wherein vices grow,
Endangers peace and starts a hell below.

The pomp of wealth and its attendant pride
The poor detest and hypocrites deride;
But let some change their present state come o'er
They worship then what they despised before,
And swelling forth in all their awkwardness
Disclose their station by their love of dress.
'Twas ever so, what men profess to hate
Depends on virtue not so much as state.
When men are poor, how many faults they find,
Which, give them wealth, completely 'scape their mind,
And when you see some communistic crank,
Know 'tis not reason makes him so, but rank.
Owned he the earth, were others ne'er so poor,
His "Grand Divides" you'd hear about no more.

Why not the Indian, all his rights denied,
Far more than he deserve a grand divide?
"Why no," says he, "I'm of superior race;
The weak must sink to give the stronger place."
Admit it then, and all this logic proves
Is that self-interest is the power that moves.
For 'tis with human as with other lives,
The best and fittest in the end survives.
The rich are so because by nature blest
With brain and foresight more than all the rest.
"But," say the poor, "the rich has prosperous been
Because, in trade he's grasping, shrewd and mean,
And so could we, did we his course pursue,
Be rich and great and independent too."
"A poor excuse is better far than none."
So say the wise; but here's a better one:
"'Tis not they're poor for want of greed and chance,
'Tis not the meanness that they lack, but sense."

Small were the happiness that life could give
Did it consist of but two words: "To live."
And he by right should happiness possess,
Who thinks and labors till he gains success.
No envious throng's vindictive party spite
Should rob a man of his immortal right;
'Tis his to use whate'er his labors earn,
To eat, to drink, to laugh, though others mourn.
'Tis his to give that genius's thoughts may soar,

May search the deep or heaven's fields explore;
To pierce the Alp or cross the sultry plain,
Or guide the lightnings 'neath the sounding main.
Had all that wealth has given to mankind
Been given as food or shelter from the wind,
When spent and eaten, all those pleasures gone,
The poor'd remain and little had been done;
But placed aright, how needful projects thrive!
It lives itself and, living, helps to live.
He who creates, by talents well applied,
A business with a thousand hands employed,
Does more for poor, society, and state
Than all the equalizers, small and great;
And they who on the genius's talents thrive
Should thankful be for what those talents give.
For could not he his riches have enjoyed,
Had he the same in other ways employed?
Had he, instead, upon his wealth retired,
No plants erected, and no needy hired,
What vantage then would the poor laborer find?
Which, wealth or poverty, would harder grind?

The poor complain, they've not an equal chance,
Nor has the cripple though he'd love to dance.
But that's no reason active health should mourn;
The burden's his, and by him must be born.
'Twas not the rich who made the pauper so,
His birth was low and he continued low;

Or if perchance he had been rich before,
Some foolish venture lost him all his store;
How e'er 'twas caused, none other can he blame:
Wealth is the stake, and business is the game.

To hear the laborer loud lament his fate,
Belie the wealthy and denounce the state,
One would suppose, did reason not forbid,
Wealth and ambition had his neck bestrid
With malice prepense for to ride him down,
And wreck life's pleasures for their own renown.
But history has other tales to tell,
For ne'er before did mankind fare so well.
No lordly master, for submission, yields
The stingy vesture of his useless fields;
No feudal system now enslaves the weak,
Who render homage for the mite they seek;
But serfs no more, they've no complaint, because
They own the country, and they make its laws.
And know ye all, who 'neath oppressions groan,
That your misfortunes are in work your own;
And little boots it that you storm and wail,
For threats and curses are of no avail;
'Tis toil and thought that must the world control,
Nor hate nor envy e'er should rule the soul.

'Tis knowledge makes the different castes of men,
No laws or customs level brawn and brain.

Our education is our country's pride,
And wealth and learning travel side by side.
The rich are taxed and made support the schools,
To guard against the annual crop of fools;
Yet some escape, enough to furnish grists
Of politicians for the Populists.

Do as we will, some always will be poor,
Give what you will, and some will ask for more.
'Twere folly, then, some healing balm to seek,
Its soothing influence would not last a week.
Were mankind leveled, things divided all,
Still few would rise and down the many fall;
Just as potatoes, hauling to the mart,
The smallest seek the bottom of the cart.

Why should the poor bewail their needy state?
If things are crooked they can make them straight;
The ballot's theirs and they can freely vote,
They have the power let them their wants denote.
But go and ask them for their cause of grief,
And by what laws they hope to find relief,
They then forget the causes of their woes,
While from their lips a filthy torrent flows,
Denouncing those who never did them wrong,
With vile vituperation loud and long,
They curse the men who very rich are grown
Because they mind no business save their own;

A grand example, were it followed more
There'd be less begging done from door to door.

One's led to think that those who power have
O'er their salvation their own cause would save;
But, when 'tis time to battle for the right,
Who is the champion chosen for the fight?
Some graceless mugwump enters in the race,
Lies to the people till he gets the place.
With gall and whiskers like a billy-goat,
He gets elected. but how will he vote?
Behold him standing on the Senate floor,
While house and visitors are all aroar;
And shame and eloquence are stricken dumb,
As twixt his drinks he warbles Home, Sweet Home.
Thus represents this man of hair and laws
The "Dear poor People" and their sacred cause.

Sad e'er has been the fate of erring man,
Led by some phantom of his restless brain;
Not pleased with what his humble needs possess,
He seeks relief from his inferred distress.
Then as a snake, which blinded and afraid,
Strikes at, as foe, all that its home invade;
So do the poor, in uncontrolled affright,
Strive to wreak vengeance on the first in sight.
Banks, railroads, corporations, state and all
But add new fuel to the flaming ball;

And as it rolls, naught do they care or see
How wide and dire may its destruction be;
Wealth must suffer, homes and nation fall,
And tears, and blood, and ruin mingle all.

Hark! hear yon ranter to the standersby,
"Class Legislation" is his mournful cry;
Bondholders, bankers, all the envied host,
Receive their lashing, but the richest most.
Ye men of Wall Street! pray, what have ye done
To stir the anger of dame Labor's son?
Have ye aught taken that was not your share,
And, thoughtless caused this useless waste of air?
"We loaned him money," did I hear you say?
"To clothe his wife and keep the wolf away;
Full many a year has he enjoyed the loan,
And now he raves because we ask our own.
While we befriended he did ne'er complain,
Not till we asked him for the sum again.
"All's spent" he tells us, and he thinks that we
Should bear the losses just as well as he.
We fail to see where that strange justice is
That gives him ours, but keeps our hands from his.
This is the reason why he left the plow,
And turned out statesman as you see him now;
Why he, and others of his stripe and band,
Now foam and rage and threaten round the land."

Men are but anxious to obey the laws
When they support some petty, selfish cause.
"State Rights" and "Tariff" are by all denied,
Unless they turn the penny to their side.
E'en Constitution and the ties of states
Find little sympathy among the Waites.
"Free Silver's" heavier than a nation's life,
Than wasted homes or fratricidal strife;
Yet all such men, when battle spills the gore,
Have pressing business on some milder shore;
Far from the scenes of savage strife they fly,
Though loved ones perish and their country die,
Those first the fires of selfish hate to light, [fight.
When comes their turn, would rather run than
Naught do they care what anguish others feel,
So long as they control the Commonweal;
No rights conflicting with their schemes of state
But they'd restrict or else annihilate.
"Class Legislation" is their sham pretext
For wealth's damnation in this world and next.
'Twould all be right with every braying ass,
Were he a member of the favored class.
Not sense enough to make a decent fool,
And just enough to make a party tool,
Where'er he is, he's always found the same:
A curse to country, and his race's shame.

Those who cry loudest 'gainst the special laws

Are first to ask them when they fit their cause.
When the unemployed are in need of bread,
Laws in their favor fill each idle head.

Some politician 'twixt elections dreams,
And fills his pate with fancy-sounding schemes,
Then launches forth, a promise for a bait,
To fish for office and reform the state;
And all the sore-heads at his morsel fly,
Like hungry preachers at a chicken-pie.
First, it is money loaned at two per cent
To raise farm mortgages and pay the rent;
Then a sub-treasury to hold the crops,
Till price advances and till business stops.
The railroads, too, we couldn't do without 'em,
So let us take 'em from the ones who built 'em;
They're theirs we know, but little do we care,
Law'll make it right, so pass it then and there.
We'll borrow money from the nation's purse.
And lift our debts, and never care a curse
About the pay-day when it comes, or fret:
We'll pass a law and cancel all the debt.
We're law-abiding men, and don't you doubt it;
We never cheat, or rob, or kill without it.

Oh, speed ye, Time, and bring the blissful day
When Want and Woe shall starve and waste away!
No happier people ever lived before—

No rich oppressors, and no vagrant poor—
And every soul shall some fat office fill,
Or load his pockets at the country's till;
When stomach's empty straightway shall a law
Be passed to satiate every hungry maw;
He who won't work shall eat as much as he
Who plows the land, or tempts the dangerous sea,
And railroads, then, all humbled in their pride,
Will wear this card: "Do please jump on and ride;
We're built for you, 'twould make the engine balk,
Or break its heart to see poor trampy walk."
No tattered tramp from door to door shall go,
This "hell on earth" we'll make a "heaven below,"
Things as they are shall not remain an hour
When we, the people, gain our sovereign power.

Look o'er the land, in these perfidious days,
Where are our Websters, our Calhouns and Clays?
Few politicians now who would not sell
Their souls for office to the depths of hell;
No Cincinnatus who would leave his plow,
To save his country or protect it now;
But politicians of degenerate kind,
Known less for wisdom than they are for wind,
Careless, though trusted with a nation's fate,
Indulge their passions for the long debate.
Or else, neglectful of their country's call,
They leave the Senate for the banquet hall.

And each brave colonel, his good church's pride,
Calls on the ladies, takes them out to ride;
And, while his work is left for clerks to do,
He hunts for—virtue— and he finds it, too.

Look o'er the world, ye thoughtful minds, and
Curse not the spirit of ambitious gain. [then
O'er land and water, are industries spread,
And countless thousands by them clothed and fed,
Who, every time some panic breeds dismay,
Make war on that which long has been their stay.
"Wealth concentrated is a cause of wrong,"
Such is the burden of their mournful song,
But where, poor friends, would your employment
Were wealth divided to suit your decree? [be,

As some vast sea upon a mountain height,
Gleams in the sun and gladdens all the sight,
When once conducted to the plains below,
Turns myriad mill-wheels in its downward flow,
But when the flood the lower level attains;
Its useless waters cumber all the plains.
Thus down the steep wealth's glittering current
As poor men labor and the rich repose; [flows,
And wealth divided then is wealth no more,
Till concentration doth its strength restore.
A man with millions can accomplish aught,
But millions with a million count for naught.

There must be leaders, and there must be strength
To carry out an enterprise at length.
In many minds both fear and weakness lie,
Some may propose but each one fears to try;
Hence rose the proverb, altogether true,
"Too many cooks are sure to spoil the stew."

Come, all ye learned in dialectics trained,
Show us what wealth, divided e'er attained;
One great improvement by it brought to light,
A single impulse either wrong or right.
But, when collected and its powers applied,
What vast industries has it then supplied!
By land and sea, it girdles earth around,
And civilizes man wherever found.
A single railroad or a steamship line
Does more to elevate and to refine
Than all the zealous missionary bands
E'er sent by Christians to the heathen lands.

It always was, and always shall remain,
The strongest land will be the land of gain.
Her mighty name her people's pride shall be,
Their homes in every land and sails on every sea.
Wealth shall support her, she protect in turn,
Ring shall each anvil, every furnace burn;
And the contented farmer, free from care,
Roll her glad earth in pleasure from his share;

Then shall her flag, respected near and far,
Ride all victorious on the clouds of war.

See how Old England rules her stately train,
Gold is her scepter and earth's trade her reign;
No grander power can human greatness boast
Among the nations living or the lost.
One little island serves her for a seat,
The rest of earth a foot-stool for her feet.
When spread her influence o'er the western world,
How freedom's banner from the heights unfurled!
And her proud sons, with fearless hearts and true,
Brought Old World science to redeem the New.
In arts and letters always lead the van,
The names of England and the Englishman.
Yet all she owns, o'er common life and health,
She owes to genius with the aid of wealth;
For wealth's undaunted power, serenely great,
Rides on triumphant o'er decrees of fate.
No climes confine her, and no tasks ashame,
No state so fallen but she will reclaim;
With eager hands her labors to perform,
She welcomes sunshine or defies the storm;
As some great eagle from his peaks of snow,
Swoops through the ether to the plains below,
Or soars aloft among the clouds of air
And bathes his plumage in the lightning's glare,
And fearless rides along the fiery dome

On mighty pinions through the thunder's home.

The love of gain each worldly effort guides,
Makes friends of enemies or friends divides;
It makes our life consist of outward show,
A lie but gilded with deceitful glow,
And leads us on in covetous desire,
To evil deeds as well as good aspire.
O'er every impulse money holds its sway,
And in life's battles always wins the day.

In love, as business, money rules the same,
Wealth is the stake and courtship is the game.
'Tis easy quite to love a girl that's poor,
But easier still to love a rich one more;
And most of people act on this advice:
"Look to the money e'er you break the ice."
Though all deny that riches rule their love,
Their acts affirm what language fails to prove;
For, while the public at the custom winks,
Each lover's actions say 'tis this he thinks:
"I'll watch her pocket with a jealous eye;
Her wealth draws interest, but her love may die."

Let's draw the curtain on this rambling song,
And not enlarge that which is now too long;
And when we part, perhaps to meet no more,
Look not with scorn upon the humble poor.

But pity those who are inclined to roam, [home,
Unknown and friendless from their childhood's
Who leave the hearths where homely joy inspires,
Where youth plans conquests and old age retires,
And seek contentment all the world around,
Which sought by millions still remains unfound.

Whatever ills befall this luckless head
Let it not choose a vagrant life instead;
Nor, while this breast with stirring pulses beats,
Seek lustful pleasures hid in shame's retreats.
Mine be the joys an active life supplies
Till age o'er takes me and the body dies;
May friendly hands my lifeless limbs compose,
And wife and children see these eyelids close.
When in its last abode this form is laid,
And the last honors to its dust are paid,
May life of toil and prudent actions save
Loved ones from weeping o'er a pauper's grave.

MEDITATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

The following poem, published in its original form in The Independent Pulpit, was written among the hilly solitudes of ———, a naturalist's Paradise, which accounts for the references to geology found in stanzas 5—8.

No one, unless devoid of reflective power, or afraid, as is often the case, to open his understanding to the teachings of Nature, can stand by the time scarred cliffs of rocks formed in the Earth's youth, and behold the remains of life that once enjoyed, in its simple way, the waters of an ocean now no more, but he must be impressed with the littleness of man. Away from the busy hum of the crowded streets, the silence unbroken except by the ceaseless whir of insects and the songs of birds, the mind is at liberty to weigh in the scale of unprejudiced judgment the unimportance of its own existence.

The Earth, in all probability the only planet in the universe inhabited by human beings, is as a drop of water in an infinite ocean. Yet man has the impudence to declare that the stars were made to give him light, the rain to fall for his good, the beasts of the field for his use! Is it not a little presumptuous in him, to say the least, when we know that only a few thousand out of

the many millions of stars can be seen without a telescope; that rain had fallen, beasts had lived, died, and their species become extinct before there was a man?

To me, there is more knowledge in one little, fractured, Ammonite shell, cemented in the folds of the lime-stone laid down in the Cretaceous seas, than in all the sermons from John the Baptist to Sam Jones. When I see men, who cannot give you directions from the Post Office to the nearest Depot in their native city, pointing the world to the entrance of the "straight and narrow path," I am astonished at the amount of conceit, ignorance, and intolerance that may be corralled in one little human frame, or hived under a plug hat. Were it not that an over-merciful Nature has seen fit to provide an ample thickness of cranium especially for their protection, the number of empty brain boxes that would collapse under the external pressure of the atmosphere would be appalling.

When man is no more, and his bones are imbedded in the rocks of a world that is yet to be; Mother Nature will charitably cover from sight with the dust of succeeding ages the records of his wickedness, folly and conceit; nor will the sun and stars withold their light, the rain refuse to fall, or a tear be shed that he is gone forever.

L. S. W.

MEDITATIONS.

AN ELEGY.

'TIS when I wander in the pathless fields,
Far from the busy world and flattering tongue,
That selfish manhood in devotion yields,
And listens to the song by Nature sung.

To leave the thoughtless with their giddy mirth,
And visit Nature in her rocks and groves,
To hold communion with our Mother Earth,
Is avocation that my spirit loves.

He who the voice of trees and stars can hear,
Though he were deaf to every human word,
Hath learned much more than he who hath no ear
For the sweet melodies of brook and bird.

I loved old Nature, and in youth did learn
The boyish games and manly sports to flee,
The midnight dance and boisterous mob to spurn,
And midst her hills and echoing dales to be.

[wrought;
Then come with me and see what time hath
Here once the coral plied with patient care,
But now the soil with myriad herbs is fraught,
And low of herds floats on the morning air.

Here once the ocean heaved his briny crest,
Kissed by the sun or tossed by angry storms,
While now these rocks contain in pulseless rest
What e'er remains of all his breathing forms.

Those carved shells that deck yon limy wall
Once breathed with life like many now you see,
As we are now, once were they living all,
As they are now the living soon shall be.

Alas, what changes are recorded here!
A thousand years have vanished as a day;
Here sleep the dead, interred without a tear,
And they shall sleep eternity away.

For where, oh, where is now that magic wand
That could to life recall the pulseless dust?
Art thou no more, divine and potent hand,
That from the grave didst snatch its sacred trust?

O man! poor child of vanity and death,
Thou self-important, ignorant worm of earth,
What hast thou more than ordinary breath,
That thus exalted thou shouldst judge thy worth?

O Nature! griefless, joyless, thou art all,
To know thee is to love thee well; and he
Who knows thee best and ever heeds thy call
Will find a true and faultless friend in thee.

I cannot stand on yonder cliff and see
The myriad forms that teemed the ocean's brine
But I must feel I am a child of thee,
And feel the fate of them, thy works, is mine.

Oh, that ambition, with its empty pride,
Could hear the voice of rocks and solitude!
Methinks that this, if nothing else beside,
Would teach it usefulness and do it good.

Could angry bigots of a senseless creed.
By reason's eye, see Mother Nature's man,
They then would cease their war of lust and greed,
And not begrudge to each life's fleeting span.

Come, go with me into the busy wood,
And turn the sward up to the light of day;
There thou wilt find, in Nature's perfect mood,
A child of earth, a brother worm of clay.

But harm it not, it does not live in vain,
It is as precious unto Nature's store
As that much matter from a Newton's brain:
It fills its place, and man can do no more.

This world for man alone was never made,
Had he ne'er been the trees and grass would grow
The flowers bloom and in the autumn fade,
And all, save him, would be as it is now.

Long e'er his foot this creed-cursed world had trod
The sun had shone and kissed the land to life;
Long e'er his selfish prayer was raised to God,
Or he'd indulged in fratricidal strife,

The birds had sung, the joyous laugh of spring
Had echoed o'er a thousand hills, and love
Was warbled just as sweet, and everything
Was just as pure, the stars as bright above.

Then why shouldst thou in ignorant boast declare
That all that is was for thy service made?
Where is thy need, and thy proud service, where?
When cold and stiff thou in the earth art laid.

And when the worm into thy dark abode,
With loathsome, coiled and slimy form shall [creep,
Will he respect thee as a fallen god?
Will he regard thy everlasting sleep?

Can he not then thy own proud boast repeat,
That thou for him wert fashioned from the [clay,
That all that lives is for his purpose meet,
And thou for him art but a common prey?

Oh, then accept the truth that round thee lies,
Nor boast that thou art Nature's sovereign lord;
Think not to merit entrance to the skies,
But know that virtue is its own reward!

Let falsehood bow at power's stern command,
For truth alone can independent be,
The envious hosts of ignorant foes withstand—
A giant cliff that mocks an angry sea.

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